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## 'THE MOORS.'

GROUSE-SHOOTING in the Scottish Highlands is an amusement exclusively for men of fortune, no others being able to bear its expense. For this reason, as well as from the narrow geographical limits in which the sport takes place, multitudes have only heard of it. They see notices in the newspapers of June and July, that Lord John has taken this moor, and Sir James that, and from time to time the same ever-vigilant intelligencers communicate such facts as that the birds have had a good breeding season, or the reverse. But for the great bulk of the British public, this same moor-shooting is as little a matter of personal knowledge or experience, as are the sports of the Indian jungle. I had eminently felt this to be my own case, having never had, in the whole course of my life, an opportunity of seeing a gun fired at wild birds, and I consequently felt as a pure Cockney on all subjects connected with the amusement. At length it has been my fortune to witness the enjoyments of a Highland moor, and that under circumstances which, for a humble member of the republic of letters, may be considered as unusually advantageous. The consequence is, that I propose, in all seriousness, to attempt making the British public acquainted with the external features of grouse-shooting.\*

One of the beautiful days at the end of August—by which time a week of heavenly weather had rejoined the hearts at once of the farmer and the sportsman—saw me carried on the top of the Highland mail past the Fair City of the Tay, past Dunkeld, and so on into the Highland district of Athole, which, however, I was only to penetrate a few miles. At the neat little inn of Logierait, peninsulated by the meeting waters of the Tay and Tummel, a country gentleman—whom it is but the simplest truth to speak of as one of the most beloved of his county, at the same time that he is an unusually zealous lover of field-sports—had taken up his temporary abode, while recreating himself upon some eight thousand acres of the neighbouring moors, constituting what I found was called the Balmaguard Shooting. He had all the right which Major Galbraith and his friends assumed, to put up the peeced wand at the door, thereby indicating that the house was entirely engaged; for he had taken the whole of it for the time; and here my amiable host was attended by the ladies of his family, and such portions of his establishment as made

our residence in the house only perhaps too little of an adventure. Still it was the Highlands; still was most of the usual state of life cast aside. All was hilarity and glee, to which the singularly fine state of the atmosphere in no small degree contributed. I thought, as I looked over the smooth and pellucid waters of the Tay, at the corn-fields of the strath, and the heaths and woods of the hills, the whole canopied by a sky that seemed incapable of ever more suspending a wet cloud over poor mortals, that I had never seen a scene combining more of natural and acquired beauty.

Apropos to the high spirits of the party, we had in the course of the evening a regale of that lively music for which Athole is celebrated. My host had engaged the attendance of a clever violinist, Charles Mackintosh of Inver, and of Peter Murray, a worthy old violoncellist from the same place, that reels and strathspeys might not be wanting to cheer himself and his people after the fatigues of the day. Favoured by these two performers, we had a rustic dance in the cool of the evening upon the raft-like boat moored at the neighbouring ferry across the Tay, where a party of villagers gladly exhibited their skill in that ultra-merry saltation peculiar to grave Scotland. Such electric movements of hob-nailed feet—such frantic gesticulations and intertwings—such wildly joyous exclamations!—all looked on and heard with sympathising pleasure by our kind-hearted host and his sisters. Afterwards, in our parlour, we had the two musicians to give us a private concert, in which was comprehended not only a selection of the finest reels, but many also of the best slow airs of our country—as Miss Graham of Inchbrakie, Loch Erroch-side, and others of the best productions of Gow, father and son, Donald Dow, and Marshall. It was most interesting to enjoy these fine strains in the province which had given them birth; and what added not a little to the feeling of the hour, was the consideration that one of the players, our octogenarian base, had for upwards of twenty years been the professional associate and friend of Neil Gow, who was born and spent his whole life in the village where our musician still resides. Old Murray had played with Neil to the Duke of Athole and his friends sixty-two years ago. He was present on the night when Burns was entertained by his grace. Afterwards he performed in Nathaniel Gow's Edinburgh band, of which he is now the sole survivor. He told us some droll anecdotes of 'famous Neil,' whose wit was as remarkable as his faculty for music, and who seems to have been privileged to all forms of speech with his noble patron, though the one lived in a cottage, and the other in a palace. As a specimen of the familiarity—the duke was one day expressing an anxiety about receiving and paying some attentions to the officers of the 26th regiment, quartered in his neighbourhood, when Neil said, 'Whatfor would

\* It may be asked, Are there not books, old and new, upon shooting in all its branches? There are; but, strange as it may appear, none of these describe the sport in question: they only give directions about accoutrements, dogs, &c. apparently presuming that the general features of a grouse-shooting excursion are universally known.

ye do that, man? Dinna ye mind it was them that burnt Dunkeld House? The Highlandman's memory referred to a transaction which took place just about a century before, amidst the tumults of the revolution—at which time the regiment was newly raised, and named the Cameronians, from the religious class who chiefly composed it. How amused would the officers have been at being thus held responsible for an act of persons so different from themselves, and so lost in the mists of antiquity! Our violoncellist also informed us that Neil had played at Dunkeld House to Prince Charles, whom he followed to Stirling; but, like Horace and many others of the tuneful tribe, he had no vocation to arms; so he quietly left the Highland army at that place, and returned to his native shades at Inver. Alas! poor Murray, a true 'last minstrel,' has fallen upon evil days in his old age, and, amidst changes of masters, and, what is perhaps more important, of factors, now pines in poverty on the estates of a family to whom he has fiddled for nearly two-thirds of a century. Surely, amidst the spendings of a great house, if attention could be attracted to the circumstance, something might be devoted to the comfort of such a venerable adherent.

I must leave this prattle, however, and overlook various other matters which were amusing and interesting to myself at the time, in order to attend to my main object. It was on Monday the 2d of September that I accompanied my host for the first time to his moor. Not a speck was on the sky, as, about ten o'clock, our party crossed the Tay on the way to the opposite hill. Let me here remark, that the cortège of a grouse-shooter who chooses to do things in style is rather imposing. Our sportsman was attended by his gamekeeper—a fine-looking young man of six feet—to manage the dogs; by his principal servant, to load his piece and carry a spare one; also by a pony bearing panniers, for the purpose of receiving the game. There was a country youth to guide and attend to the pony; another to lead the two or three pairs of dogs not on immediate duty; and, finally, a boy with a haversack to carry the dead game, as it accumulated, to the horse. Thus we were in all seven persons, besides a horse and seven or eight dogs. The dresses of master and men were alike plain, as befits the roughness of the occupation; but the party acquired a certain romantic character from the accoutrements borne by several of them, amidst which were conspicuous two large silver-mounted and heraldisically-sculptured horns, slung by belts, which, however, I found to be only devoted to carrying the liquor which is in requisition on all extraordinary occasions in the Highlands.

Our march was for four miles along the slope of a Highland mountain, where there was nothing to direct or aid the footing but a rude *peat-road*—that is, a way by which the people are accustomed to bring their fuel from the bogs on the high ground. Opposite to us lay the braes of Tullimet, celebrated by one of our fiddle tunes; and it was remarkable what an interest we were occasionally disposed to feel in contemplating these finely wooded slopes, and the neat mansion of Sir Robert Dick perched nearly at the top of them. As we ascended, we commanded wider and wider views of the great coniferous province of his grace of Athole—a range of mountainous country, covered, it is said, continuously for fifteen miles with pines and larches, mostly planted by the late duke. Ben-y-gloe gradually came into view behind us—a huge mountain near Blair, forming part of his grace's magnificent deer-forest. More to the west, we caught the huge head of Schiehallion, while in the opposite direction the hills above Dunkeld—Craigiebarns and Craigvinean—presented to notice their dark-feathered tops. Up, up still, along the hill-side; no matter though something falls like rain from your side-locks. Three miles walked, we reach a well-spring under a projecting rock, and there the horn is for the first time called into requisition. Another mile, and the upland moor is gained—a wide expanse of varied surface, surrounded by craggy peaks, and containing in

its lowest hollows two smooth-surfaced tarns, lone as that which the fisherman of Arabian fiction found where once had stood a populous city. It was now time to look about for game.

My friend therefore took his gun, and his gamekeeper sent forth two dogs in quest of birds. The mode of procedure seemed to be this. The party walks slowly along a place thought likely to contain birds—generally low places, where there are rills, for the birds can never be far from water; and, if possible, the progress is contrary to the direction of the wind, as thereby the scent comes to the dogs. The two animals range a little forward, passing from side to side across each other, and never more than about a hundred and fifty yards ahead of the party: if they chance to go beyond this range, the keeper recalls them by a wave of his arm or with his whistle. Lounging about in a seemingly careless fashion with their tongues lolling as usual from their mouths, it is curious to observe the sudden change of demeanour assumed by the animal when it scents game. It instantly stops, with its fore-foot perhaps suspended in the air and bent backwards; its mouth is shut, as if it feared to give an alarm by the sound of its respiration; and an air of concern and interest (I do not speak fancifully) overspreads its countenance. The sportsman then advances to the place, bearing his cocked piece ready to be presented, and generally the birds get up at his approach. If near enough, he fires, first the one barrel, then the other, always aiming at one bird of the covey only. There are great differences on different days, and at different periods of the season, in the vigilance and alacrity of the birds. On some days, particularly in the latter part of the brief month during which grouse-shooting lasts, they do not *sit well*—that is, do not wait till the sportsman is within shooting distance. It was now the latter part of the season; but, owing perhaps to the heat of the day, the birds sat well; consequently there was an opportunity for excellent sport. My friend commenced in earnest, and for a couple of hours was incessantly active in bringing down birds. He is, I believe, esteemed one of the three best shots in Perthshire, having practised the art since his earliest boyhood. During the three weeks already elapsed of the season, he had killed exactly 1020 animals of various kinds, chiefly grouse, upon his own moor. In the shooting, there is, I believe, no mystery beyond steadiness and correctness of aim; or at best, there are a few small maxims to be observed, as, for example, to take the birds if possible when flying from you in a direct line; for when they are taken abreast—which is apt to be their position at the first rise—the shot most likely will be turned aside by the cuirass of soft feathers, and no effect will follow. The management of the dogs seemed to me the most delicate and interesting part of the whole business of the field. They must be so trained as not to run forward at the shot game, which is what they are inclined to do; for there may be birds still sitting, which, if not thus disturbed, would prove marks for the sportsman's second barrel. When, therefore, a dog rushes on after the shot, he is severely corrected by the whip of the keeper. When it is necessary, however, that the bird should be sought for, he is allowed and encouraged to go in search of it; that is to say, the special dog which first made the point. And occasionally, when only a wound has been inflicted, it is no easy matter to find the bird. During the course of this day my friend brought down three birds at one shot. Two were immediately got amongst the heather; but the third had scudded off to the distance of two hundred yards, and a quarter of an hour was spent in search of it. Sometimes the point of the dogs proves to be false, the scent having arisen from ground where birds had recently been, but where there are none now. For such disappointments there seems to be no remedy. For the other great disappointment, missing, there is always some consolation. Either the birds were too far off, and it was absurd to spend shot upon them;

or there can be no doubt that that jade of an old hen is touched. The disturbed covey generally flies to at least the distance of a quarter of a mile, and lights out of sight of the party; but it is the duty of the keeper to mark well whereabouts it lights, in order to attempt finding it again afterwards. One thing above all others seems to be vexing to a sportsman's bosom—the blithe *gock-gock* of the male bird as he flies off unhurt, whether at the head of his covey or alone. There is a defying insolence in the sound that would fire the blood of a Socrates, were such a person to take to the moors.

After shooting for about three hours, and bagging some dozen brace of grouse and one teal, it was declared to be time for lunch, and we accordingly had the pony brought up to a spring, round which the party arranged themselves, with little regard to ceremony. Bread and cheese and meat were produced from one of the panniers, and the horn was used liberally to qualify the water, and prevent its chilliness from having any injurious effects upon the system. On this practice, so common in the Highlands, I would be excused on the present occasion from making any remark. After resting a little, and when my friend had finished his cigar, we started again with fresh vigour, and entered once more into the sport. One of the first incidents was the killing of an Alpine hare, a kind of animal which abounds on the Perthshire hills. It is perfectly white in winter; but at the present season was of a gray colour, with a bluish tinge—hence its common name amongst sportsmen is a *blue hare*. It makes, I believe, as good soup as brown hares do, and its skin forms very pretty muffs for ladies. As we went on, one of our dogs, having made a point, was encouraged to move forward in the usual slow manner, when, in his progress, crossing a rill, he came upon, and *chopped*, that is, with one instantaneous bite despatched, a blue leveret. Here was a great fault, of which a regard to discipline made it necessary that due notice should be taken. The keeper inflicted a sharp flagellation, holding the dead hare towards him, and calling out 'ware hare!' The severity was the more distressing, as the dog was an uncommonly good one, and had been the chief minister of the sport of the day. I felt much for him, and half lamented the existence of an amusement which involved such pains to the most respectable of all the lower animals. I was informed, however, that means are now found for dispensing with much of the severity formerly used in training pointers. Dogs, as well as human beings, have been of late years educated more through the principle of kindness than that of terror. The advance of improved educational maxims in the school and the kennel has been simultaneous.

After accompanying my friend for another hour, I thought it best to reserve further strength, and make the best of my way home, leaving him to pursue his sport. I reached Logierait in time for a late dinner, and our sportsman came in about nightfall, with thirty brace of birds.

Two days after, the fine weather still continuing, it was resolved to devote a day chiefly to loch-fishing with the net, and on this occasion the ladies proposed to accompany us. About ten o'clock, then, we crossed the Tay fifteen strong, besides the pony and dogs, under one of the most ardent suns that ever shone upon Perthshire in September. The whole available force was engaged on this occasion; for it requires no small number of hands to pull the nets from a Highland loch. Amongst those who had not been with us on the former day, was Hamish Mackintosh, a powerful specimen of the Athole Highlander, whom my friend employs throughout the year as the watcher of his moor, and who is famed in the district for his superiority in all games requiring strength. Another new figure was honest Charles, with his fiddle, whose strains from time to time lent us fresh animation, as we paced along the rough slope. Pellucid sky and air, burning sun, clearly defined mountains all round, Logierait hamlet and kirk

reposing far below—such were the features of the scene as we advanced on our toilsome march; sensible of fatigue, yet full of life and glee, not excepting even the ladies. On, on we go, till at length human strength can do no more, and we are all forced into an admiration of Sir Robert Dick's house whether we will or no—Charley meanwhile regaling us with the very tune referring to the district we are regarding, the Braes of Tullimet. Again to breast the hill, and soon we come up alongside a drove of little Highland cattle on their way to the southern markets, followed by a suite of guides and dogs, and lending character to the scene. Soon, however, we leave these far below, and now a well occurs, and no one is inclined to let well alone, and the horn is produced, and partaken of by some. The pony, surmounted by the Herculean figure of Gil Jamieson, is at the same time seen toiling up another part of the hill at some distance. At length we reach the loch, bosomed high amidst the lonely rocky peaks, and smooth and clear as a mirror beneath the noonday sun.

This lake was a favourite resort for fishing with the late Duke of Athole, and its capabilities, as well as the proper modes of fishing it, are consequently as well known as is the proper mode of managing any farm upon his grace's estate.\* Its name of Loch Skian—the lake of wings—bears reference to eight bays formed by it amongst the sinuosities of the ground, and the whole of which, it is said, can nowhere be seen at once. Each of these bays affords ground for a *shot* of the net, the bottom being there comparatively smooth, so that the tackle is in no danger of being destroyed. Having assembled at a point where a coble was moored, the net was brought forward and duly arranged. I found that it was about thirty yards long by four or five broad, the one side being provided with corks for floating, and the other with plummetts for the contrary purpose, while strong ropes extended from both ends. I am thus particular in description, because there must be many who, like myself up to that day, had no adequate idea of the form or arrangements of a fishing-net. The mode of proceeding was this. One end of the net being fixed within the coble, the body of it is piled up in folds at the stern, and then carried out by a rower into the lake. At a proper place, he hands the end of one of the ropes ashore to a party of four or five persons, who remain holding it till he has rowed across, dropping out the rope and net as he moves along, till he reaches another proper place upon the shore, and there hands the end of the other rope to another party of equal force. The two parties are now holding the net across a bay, and their further procedure is simply to sweep it along that bay till they bring it near the shore, thus drawing with them all the fish which might be within a certain distance of the surface. When near shore, the two parties shorten rope and come close together, so as to bag the net, which at length trails along the bottom, and allows no fish which may be in that part of the lake an opportunity of escape. At our first shots, we had only two or three pike enclosed, which made a poor exhibition at the landing of the net; but it was pleasant afterwards to see the net come tumbling in with a couple of dozen of fine large speckled trout. The process which I have described was repeated eight times, namely, at each of the bays in the lake, our party passing round at leisure to see the net make its successive landings. A more cheerful scene I had never seen, for all was life and joy amongst the attendants, and our ladies trod the dry heath with as blithesome steps as they would have trod a ball-room, while at every passage of the boat along the lake a young man, seated in it, enlivened the air, and soothed the water, with merry Highland tunes upon the bagpipes. Meanwhile, a boy was carefully stowing away lots of fish in the panniers borne by our friend the pony.

\* Net-fishing is generally condemned by sportsmen; but in this district, for what reason I cannot tell, there seems to be no objection to it.

After the sixth shot, having arrived at a well of distinguished repute for clearness and coolness, and it being now between two and three o'clock, we addressed ourselves to the pleasant business of lunch. With that good humour which such sports inspire, our ladies sat down upon the heath beside the spring, willing to be pleased with everything, and doubtless believing, with the duke—

—this life more sweet  
Than that of painted pomp.

The attendants grouped themselves picturesquely among the neighbouring rocks, backed by the pony, which stood contemplatively at hand for the sake of the good things it bore. The materials of a light meal, with various beverages befitting various tastes, were then handed about, and we fell to with such appetite as only hill exercises can give. The laugh and joke passed across the fountain between master and retinue, and it did not appear from anything before me that such things as ranks or ceremonies existed among men—although, at the same time, there was no trace of a lack of mutual respect on either side. Such, I thought, is exactly the footing on which a gentleman of right feelings should wish to be with his dependents; and were there everywhere as much genuine unpretending kindness from one class towards another as I saw here, I cannot doubt that society would be a scene of greater enjoyment to all parties. Nor did even our gentle dames fail to lend their aid to the jocundity of the hour. At length, eating being done, we had recourse to our friend Charley for a song, and presently he filled the clear air with 'Come ye by Athole braes' after which succeeded another equally appropriate, 'The Braes of Balquhiddie.' Charley, however, could not be expected to sing for ever; so a demand was made elsewhere, and most amusingly answered. An elderly, dark-complexioned, sharp-featured native, who had been brought to assist in the hauling of the net, was competent, it appeared, to favour the company with a smuggler's song, entitled the 'Battle of Corrymuckloch,' a ditty which never had been printed, no more than the whisky it referred to had ever paid duty, and which seemed to be everywhere understood as a piece of capital rustic waggery. With little hesitation, our songster began in a sharp emphatic voice to a Highland tune, the said Battle, &c.—which I found to be a description of a real event, a repulse which a gauger's party had experienced near Amulree about twenty years ago; the 'Falkirk,' it might be called, of the Smuggling Cause; the last gleam of triumph which the contraband trade had experienced ere it sunk into its present insignificance. The song was greatly enjoyed, and I give it here, if not to entertain others, at least to show how easily we, in such circumstances, were entertained:—

#### THE BATTLE OF CORRYMUCKLOCH.

December, on the twenty-first,  
A party of the Scottish Greys  
Came up our lofty mountains steep,  
Some Highland whisky for to seize,  
With sword and pistol by their side,  
They thought to make a bold attack,  
And all they wanted was to seize  
Poor Donald wi' his smuggled drap.

#### CHORUS.

Drim dye a dow a deo,  
Drim dye a dow a daddie,  
Drim dye a dow a deo,  
Poor Donald wi' his smuggled drap.

The gauger he drew up his men,  
And they poor Donald did surround,  
He says, 'Your whisky I must seize,  
By virtue of our British crown.'  
'Hip, hip,' says Donald, 'not so fast,  
The wee drap liquor's a' our sin:  
We care not for you nor your horns,  
Nor yet your muckle bearded men.'

Then Donald he drew up his men,  
And Donald he did give command,  
And all the arms poor Donald had  
—Was a good oak stick in ilka hand.

The place where Donald's men drew up,  
A good stane dyke\* was at their back,  
And when their sticks to prunish went,  
Wi' stanes they made a bould attack.

Or ere the action it was o'er,  
A horseman lay upon the plain,  
Then Sandy he to Donald said,  
'We have killed one o' the bearded men.'  
But up he got and ran awa,  
And straight to Amulree he flew,  
And left the rest to do their best,  
As they were left at Waterloo.

Then Donald and his lads struck fast;  
They made the boardies quit the field;  
The gauger he was thumped weel,  
Before that he was forced to yield.  
'Ye filthy, ugly, gauger loon,  
If e'er ye come the gate again,  
If e'er you come this road again,  
Ye'll ne'er see Auchterarder town.'

And when the battle it was o'er,  
And not a horseman to be seen,  
Brave Donald to his men did say,  
'Come sit ye down upon the green;  
And now, my lads, ye just shall have  
A drappie o' the thing we ha'e;  
And troth,' quoth Donald, 'they did get  
A filthy hurry down the brae.'

Bravo, Donald! We soon after set again to the net-fishing, and completed the round of the loch at two more hauls. Meanwhile, my host bethought him it might be as well to take home a few grouse; so, setting off with his keeper and the dogs, he soon filled a bag, and then returned to us. The declining sun now gave the hint that it was time to be wending homeward; so, after a day of the greatest levity of heart I had known for a long time, amidst chat and merriment infinite, we began to descend the mountain. We reached Logiermal about seven, not too weary or exhausted to take a hearty dinner, mainly composed of our lake spoils, or to enjoy a speat of Charley's fiddle tunes, which came in by way of dessert. And thus ended my experiences of the amusements of a shooting-station; for next day saw me on my way back to moiling hard-working Edinburgh, there to resume the usual monotony of existence and its usual cares.

Grouse-shooting in the Highlands has lately become a favourite recreation with English as well as Scottish gentlemen, and at present there is such a demand for ground on which to practise it, that something like a second rent is realised by the proprietors. Many thousands of pounds are thus annually brought into and spent in the land of the Gael. To give some idea of the shooting rent of property in that district, I may mention that my friend, with an associate, paid a few years ago £380 for thirty-eight thousand acres of moor near Dalnaspidal. In the present year, rents have risen beyond all precedent, and parties have in some instances paid £500 and even £800 for good moor. It has even become a kind of trade to take moors, and allow single sportsmen to shoot over them at several guineas a day, reserving the game killed, which the lessee of the ground sells to dealers in Edinburgh or London. Twenty years ago, shooting rent was scarcely known in Scotland; but now it is so well established, that fifteen years' purchase is allowed for it in the prices of estates, and it enters into legal consideration in provisions for younger members of families. It may well be supposed that shooting is an expensive amusement. A sportsman, besides the rent for his moor, must fee an active man to watch it during the year. He must give gratuities to the shepherds to purchase their good will; for a shepherd can crush a brood of eggs with one fall of his foot, and also secrete live game, without the possibility of detection. Then he requires dogs, some of which will individually reach the value of twenty-five pounds—accoutrements of various kinds—a game-keeper to manage his sport—and a variety of other attendants, as already described. The license, costing four pounds, becomes of course a mere bagatelle com-

\* Stone wall.

† This way.

pared with the other expenses. And all this outlay of money is for an amusement which rarely lasts above three weeks in the year. Nevertheless, it is scarcely surprising that grouse-shooting is so favourite a recreation; for it is obviously one full of delightful excitement, and even in the return which it gives to natural, simple, hardy life, there is a gratification which is only felt the more keenly, the more that ordinary life is artificial and refined.

### CORNISH MINES AND MINERS.

THE county of Cornwall, which occupies the extreme south-western point of England, is richer than any other district of Great Britain in mineral treasures. Copper and tin are found in large quantities amidst granite and clay-slate or killas, in fissures or veins. Lead, silver, cobalt or antimony, are mostly found in clay-slate, but in limited quantities. The number of mines in Cornwall is one hundred and forty, in which about two millions and a half of capital is employed.\*

The most important of the copper and tin mines lie about half way between the Bristol and British Channels, near the town of Redruth, in hills ranging from three to four hundred feet above the sea. The largest are the Consolidated, the United, the Poldice, and the Dalcouth mines. The surface of the ground under which these excavations are made, presents an aspect nowhere else to be seen. The country around Redruth consists chiefly of hills of clay-slate, and of fertile vales; the farmer dividing the land with the miner in irregular portions. The most lifeless barrenness and the brightest verdure lie side by side. The situation of a mine is marked by heaps of slaty poisonous rubbish thrown up in rugged heaps from the lower regions, extending sometimes to a mile long by half a mile broad. This refuse is called the 'deads' of the mine, and correctly indicates the direction of the workings below; for, as the miner is obliged to have a shaft sunk at every hundred yards to obtain air, these deads are voided through them; hence his underground progress may be as accurately traced by these heaps as that of the mole by the little hills it throws up. The scene is varied by tall chimneys; steam-engines being used for pumping water from the mines: also by large capstans or 'whims' turned by two or four horses, by means of which the produce of the mine is brought to the surface, or to 'grass,' as the workmen term it. But the strangest feature in the landscape is presented by the white-washed cottages of the miners, distributed over the district singly, or by twos and threes, with the utmost irregularity, and look as if they had been dropped about by accident. Besides these abodes, there are a number of sheds under which the ores are sorted and cleaned. During the day-time, the singularity of the scene is heightened by its perfect stillness; for all the activity is concentrated below the surface. Early in the morning, however, the scene becomes animated; men, women, and children, come out of the scattered abodes, and congregate like bees around the mouth of the mine. The females and children repair to the sheds to dress the ores; the men, having put on their 'underground clothes,' made of flannel, descend the several shafts by means of ladders. The district is suddenly depopulated: for some hours not a human being is to be seen. Following the miner to his avocations, we shall be able to afford an outline of the mode in which a Cornish mine is worked.

Mines in Cornwall are generally undertaken by companies of adventurers, the shares being divided into 64th, and sometimes 128th parts. If the mine be upon a waste, it is the property of the Prince of Wales, as Duke of Cornwall, to whose agents the adventurers apply for a lease. If the mine be private property, its owners are of course applied to. It is usually let for twenty-one

years, or for such part of that time as the workings shall be proceeded in. The payment to the proprietor, or the lordman, varies, according to circumstances, from one-eighth to one-thirtieth part of the ores raised. This preliminary having been settled, the mine is begun to be formed. Nature has distributed mineral wealth in cracks or fissures of rock called lodes, which in Cornwall take an easterly and westerly direction, and most capriciously even in them; for their thickness varies from that of a sheet of paper to thirty feet. No lode, again, is quite filled with ore, which is scattered in bunches called 'veins,' amidst quartz, mundie, and the rubbish known as 'deads.' When it has been ascertained that metal exists, the first thing done is to sink a perpendicular shaft to the depth of about sixty feet or ten fathoms; then an excavation is made horizontally, to form 'levels' or galleries. To do this, the miners dig in the direction of the veins, one set working towards the east, and another towards the west, to form two galleries simultaneously in opposite directions. Having proceeded about a hundred yards, they would be unable to 'drive' the level further for want of air, had it not been previously arranged that two other sets of miners should have been at work, at the appointed distances on the surface, to sink two other shafts. By this means the gallery may be continued to any length, shafts being sunk at every hundred yards. While this 'level' is being made, a third set of miners are employed in the original, or, as it is termed, the 'engine shaft,' to sink it sixty feet deeper. Here a second level is formed exactly as the first one was, receiving air from the various perpendicular shafts which are successively sunk to meet it. Still the descent of the main or engine-shaft proceeds, and third and fourth galleries (so on to any depth) are excavated one below the other. In this way the engine-shaft of the Consolidated mine has been sunk to a depth of 265 fathoms. The space of a hundred yards between each shaft communicating with the surface is now divided by smaller perpendicular shafts, which only reach from gallery to gallery, and are called 'winzes.' The whole mine is by this time converted into square masses or lumps about thirty-three feet long and sixty feet high. These masses are called 'pitches.'

The mine is now completely formed, and ready for working. The men who have dug it have been paid so much per fathom for their labour, with a small per centage on the value of whatever ore they may have raised during the excavations. This is called 'tut' (task) work. But a less certain and more adventurous mode of payment, called 'tributing,' is adopted for the actual working of the mine. It is now open to the inspection of all the labouring miners in the country, and each 'pitch' or compartment is let by public competition to two or four workmen for two months. At the expiration of this term each pitch is again put up to auction. The reason for these short leases is, that all the workmen may have a fair chance of gain, and that the actual value of each compartment shall be obtained; for nothing is more precarious than mining. The lessees will frequently dig away for weeks, and find no metal; then suddenly light upon a rich vein. On the other hand, the lode will as suddenly get poor and profitless, having, as the miners call it, 'taken a heave,' by which they mean, that some convulsion of nature has separated the vein, and removed it sometimes two or three hundred feet further into the 'pitch,' or perhaps into a neighbouring one. Sometimes, again, when a lode is productive, it 'takes horse;' that is to say, is split into two by a wedge of 'deads,' thus costing double the quantity of labour to work than when the ore was found in solid masses. Mining, therefore, is quite a lottery, abounding in blanks and prizes to all parties concerned, from the proprietors of the mine (called in Cornwall 'the adventurers') down to the humblest workman. Should one of the latter hire a 'pitch' which, after a time, turns out to be a hopeless speculation, he can give it up by paying a fine of twenty shillings.

\* Phillips's Mineralogy, p. 210.

Having simply dug away the ore—or 'hure,' as a Cornishman pronounces it—the miner must next get it cleaned, and put into a state for the market. To do this he employs women, boys, and girls, generally members of his own family, who work in sheds at the mouths of the shafts. In order to prepare copper ores for market, the first process is of course to throw aside the deads or rubbish with which they are unavoidably mixed; and this operation is very cleverly performed by little girls of seven or eight years of age, who receive threepence or fourpence a-day. The largest fragments of ore are then *cobbed*, or broken into smaller pieces by women, and after being again picked, they are given to what the Cornish miners term 'maidens,' or girls from sixteen to nineteen years of age. These maidens *buck* the ores; that is, with a bucking iron or flat hammer they bruise them down to a size not exceeding the top of the finger. The 'hures' are then given to boys, who *jig* or shake them in a sieve under water, by which means the metalliferous lumps, being the heavier, keep at the bottom, while the spar or refuse is scraped from the top. The pieces which pass through the sieve are also stirred about in water; the lighter part is thrown from the surface, and the ores thus dressed being put into large heaps, are ready for the market. When sold, they are shipped for Wales (it being much cheaper to carry copper ores to the coals than the coals to the ores); and in Wales, after undergoing another trifling operation, they are ready to be smelted. The dressing of tin ores is a very different process, because they can only be smelted after having been reduced to the finest powder. Having been separated from the deads, they are thrown into a stamping mill of an ingenious construction. The ore is placed under a number of heavy piles of wood shod with iron, which are worked vertically, like a pavior's hammer, either by water or steam power. The bottom of the stamp for receiving the ore is surrounded by a fine sieve, through which water being made to flow constantly, the ore can only escape when pounded very fine. Even then the product is not pure, for in all tin ores copper and mundic (sulphuret of arsenic) are found. These have to be separated first by repeated washing, called 'budding,' and afterwards by heat or 'roasting.' The metal, rendered nearly pure by these processes, requires but little fuel, and is smelted in Cornwall.

All the operations are superintended by overseers, called 'captains,' of which every large mine has three; two known as 'underground captains,' to see what goes on below, and one to superintend the work done above, hence called the 'grass captain.' Each of these has a fixed salary of about eighty or ninety pounds per annum.

When the copper ores are ready for sale, they are made up into heaps of about a hundred tons each, and sold in the following singular manner:—Samples in small bags are sent weekly to the agents of the different copper companies, who transfer them to assayers—a class of men who are, in Cornwall, perfectly ignorant of chemistry or metallurgy, but who, from sheer experience, are able to tell with accuracy the value of each sample. The agents then determine what sum they will offer per ton at the weekly sale, which for copper takes place every Thursday, tin being sold on Tuesdays. The buyers meet the mine agents, and they all assemble round a long table, at the head of which sits a president. Not a word is spoken. The copper agents write on a slip of paper what they are willing to give per ton for the several heaps, and hand the ticket to the chairman, who, when all the offers are collected, gets them printed in a tabular form. The highest offer secures the purchase, and a line is drawn under it in the printed table. This mode of disposing of the ores is called 'ticketing.' Out of the proceeds each miner gets his 'tribute,' which varies from sixpence to thirteen shillings in the pound, according to the richness of the ores he has dug up, or, as he prefers expressing it, 'brought to grass.' The quantity of pure metal extracted from the copper ores

of Cornwall amounts to from eleven to twelve thousand tons a-year, worth nearly one hundred pounds per ton. Of pure tin, not more than four thousand tons, worth from sixty to eighty pounds per ton, are produced.\*

At the end of each day's labour the scene on the surface is cheerful, forming a strong contrast to the solitude it breaks. The miners issue from the various shafts in crowds, at first hot, wet, dirty, and tired; each with the remainder of a bunch of candles hanging at the bottom of his flannel garb. They all assemble around the engine, which, having no occasion for rest, is always at work pumping water out of the mine. The waste warm water is run off into a pool, in which the men wash themselves after leaving their underground clothes to dry, and substituting their 'every-day' dress. By this time the women, 'maidens,' and little boys have also made themselves clean at another pool, and the whole multitude (sixteen hundred persons are employed in the Consolidated mines) migrate across the fields in groups and in various directions to their respective homes. 'Generally speaking, they now look so clean and fresh, and seem so happy, that one would scarcely fancy they had worked all day in darkness and confinement. The old men, however, tired with their work, and sick of the follies and vagaries of the outside and the inside of this mining world, plod their way in sober silence, probably thinking of their supper. The younger men proceed talking and laughing, and where the grass is good, they will sometimes stop and wrestle. The big boys generally advance by playing at leap-frog—little urchins run on before to gain time to stand upon their heads—while the "maidens," sometimes pleased and sometimes offended with what happens, smile or scream as circumstances may require. As the different members of the group approach their respective cottages, their numbers of course diminish, and the individual who lives farthest from the mines, like the solitary survivor of a large family, performs the last few yards of his journey by himself. On arriving at home, the first employment is to wheel a small cask in a light barrow for water; and as the cottages are built to follow the fortunes and progress of the mine, it often happens that the miner has three miles to go ere he can fill his cask. As soon as the young men have supped, they generally dress themselves in their holiday clothes, a suit better than the working-clothes in which they walk to the mines, but not so good as their Sunday clothes. In fact, the holiday clothes are the Sunday clothes of last year; and thus, including his underground flannels, every Cornish miner generally possesses four suits of clothes.† On a Sunday, the mining community presents a most respectable figure. The above account of their wardrobe shows them to be well dressed; and their natural aspect is good, being for the most part a handsome race; and working away from the influences of sun and wind, they never look weather-beaten. As they come from church or chapel (which they attend with regularity), there is no labouring class in England which appears to be in better circumstances. The number of persons employed in mining operations in Cornwall reaches, according to the last census, to nearly eighty thousand persons.

In a legal point of view, miners are an exception to all the rest of the queen's subjects. A code of laws, still in existence, was made in their especial behalf upwards of five centuries ago, and called the Stannary laws (from the Latin word *stannum*, tin). They are administered under the Duke of Cornwall, a title attached to that of Prince of Wales, the courts having been instituted by Edward the Black Prince. In failure of a Prince of Wales, the dukedom reverts to the crown. The lord and vice-wardens of the stannaries are at the head of the actual jurisdiction. This extends to all persons employed in the mines, and they can only

\* Vide M'Culloch's Geographical Dictionary, article 'Cornwall,' and 'Statistics of the British Empire,' page 16.

† Quarterly Review, vol. 36.

be used in their own courts respecting matters which do not affect life and limb. For legal purposes, the mining districts of Cornwall are divided into four stannary districts, in which courts—composed of a steward of the stannaries and a jury of miners—are held. The reason given for the origin of these laws was, that the men should not be taken from their work to attend civil courts at a distance.

### PRIDE AND TEMPER.

CAROLINE and EDWARD SPENCER had been engaged in marriage to each other from childhood, and the period at which their friends had determined that their union should take place having arrived, they were united under many favourable auspices. They were equally accomplished, in comfortable circumstances, and possessed of a similarity of dispositions and tastes, which was particularly remarkable. They were, as it was observed, formed for each other. One single defect, however, on each side marred all, and rendered them supremely miserable.

The period generally known as the honeymoon had passed over without any occurrence approaching to a direct misunderstanding, and the young couple sat one evening in the enjoyment of the most pleasing reminiscences. 'Do you recollect,' said Caroline, 'the happy days we used to spend together sauntering on the banks of our beautiful river, and inhaling the fresh air which lightly rippled its surface?' 'I do, my dear,' replied her husband. 'And do you recollect when you said that if marriage were half as pleasant as that time, you would, when we were united, think yourself the happiest of mortals?' 'I do.' 'And do you remember the favourite songs we used to sing?' 'Yes.' 'And how jealous you would be whenever I spoke to that fop Morris?' 'No, I do not.' 'What! not recollect that?' 'Certainly not; I never was jealous in my life.' 'Well, but I am sure you were.' 'But I deny it, my dear.' 'Now, you know you were; come, confess it.' 'Do you wish me to confess that which I know was not so?' But let us quit the subject. Have you tried either of those airs I brought you yesterday?' 'Ah! you shan't escape me in that manner. I insist on it—you were horribly jealous of young Morris, and every one saw it.' 'I tell you once more, Mrs. Spencer, I was not. Have you tried the airs?' 'Never mind the airs, my dear; I wish to convince you that you were jealous. Do you not recollect the evening when—' Edward rose from his chair. 'Madam,' he observed, 'if you insist on continuing a subject which, you perceive, is disagreeable to me, I must leave the room.' 'But why should it be disagreeable to you? Just say you were jealous, and I shall be satisfied.' He made no reply, but immediately left the room, when his young wife perceived that she had gone a little too far. 'He is so irritable,' she said; but instead of following her husband, to endeavour to soothe his irritation, she sat down to the piano to try the airs he had brought her. In the interim he had retired to the adjoining apartment, somewhat convinced himself that he had acted precipitately. However, he thought his wife would no doubt follow him, anxious to adjust the little difference. He therefore threw himself on a couch, expecting every moment to see her enter the apartment. What, then, was his surprise to hear the sound of music from the room he had left, and the voice of his wife accompanying, apparently in the most unconcerned manner, the instrument she was playing. Considering himself treated with indifference, if not contempt, he put on his hat, and walked out into the street in no very enviable humour. As his evil fortune would have it, he had not proceeded very far when he encountered the arch tempter himself, in the shape of a friend on his way to the club, of which both had been members, but from which Spencer, in the determination to lead a domesticated life, had withdrawn since his marriage. In his then state of mind, it required very little persuasion to go thither, and thither he went, remaining

until early the ensuing morning, when he returned home. His wife had retired to bed, and not willing to disturb her, he crept noiselessly in. His rage had evaporated; and had he found her awake, the difference between them might have been satisfactorily adjusted. She had, however, after crying bitterly at what had occurred, fallen asleep. Pride kept her the next morning from confessing that she had been at all annoyed or grieved at her husband's absence; and when he 'hoped that she had not been very unhappy,' she replied, 'not at all.' This at once put an end to any explanation; and in the evening he 'thought that as Mrs. Spencer felt so happy in his absence, there could be no objection to his spending the evening once more from home.' The club was again resorted to, and being induced to engage in play, he rose a great loser. He returned home chafed and annoyed, and in no mood to make concessions of any description, far less to endure taunts in quiet. 'I hope you have enjoyed yourself at the club?' said his wife to him as he entered the room. 'Woman, leave me alone,' he replied angrily. 'You seem already to think marriage by no means as pleasant as courtship.' 'Leave me alone, I say, or I shall make you.' 'What! you will strike me too? Do so, and crown your amiable and considerate conduct.' The young man raised his hand as if to comply with the taunt, but suddenly checking himself, he again took his hat and rushed hastily from the house. He hurried on through the dark and nearly deserted streets without an object, and not knowing or thinking what he intended to do with himself. Suddenly he stopped before a large well-lit building; he surveyed it anxiously, and then seemed about to pass on; but, apparently drawn by an irresistible impulse, he at length went in. It was the club once more—the place which he had recently left under circumstances so unfortunate. He had still a few pounds in cash with him, and had determined to make one effort more to redeem previous losses. In the excited state of his mind, it is unnecessary to say that the effort was unsuccessful. He would have quitted at once, but friends were there to urge him on, and to advance him money on the security of his watch, notes of hand, &c. Maddened by repeated losses, he at length played deeply—recklessly. When he left the house for the second time that night, he was a beggared man!

And what was Caroline's impression of the whole matter? Up to the moment of her husband's quitting her for the third time, she regarded herself as a deeply injured woman. She had obstinately persisted in a course which was displeasing to her husband, but never thought for a moment that she had done anything to call forth his anger. She had been too proud to admit concern at the difference which had taken place between them, yet acquitted herself of any act which tended to prolong that difference. She had taunted, when she should have soothed him; and yet did not conceive that she had been in any shape instrumental in causing him to quit his home. In the morning, when he doggedly related what had occurred, 'It was,' she said, 'just what she had expected, and just what she deserved for marrying him.'

Here, then, was a most unpleasant state of affairs. There were two parties united together for life, who seemed destined to live at variance. There was to be contention, and yet very precarious support. The 'dinner of herbs' was probably to be there; but the 'love,' which alone could render it palatable, was to be absent. There was, however, no help for it, and howsoever disagreeable, it must be endured. They thought of separation, but soon abandoned the idea; for, although unhappy together, they had, strange to say, no earnest desire to part. At length, after many disappointments, employment was procured for Edward Spencer through the instrumentality of friends, and they entered upon a new life. Many privations they had to endure, and many struggles to undergo. The temper which could not brook contradiction, was now subjected to

restraint; and the pride that forbade the admission of error, or the acknowledgment of a pang, sank under the weight of comparative poverty, and the consequent neglect of friends. The result was, Caroline and Edward Spencer were both humbled; and when their humility became an active quality—which it did so soon as the novelty of their situation wore off—they led a happier life. Industry and frugality at length crowned their efforts, and they were enabled once more to move in a respectable sphere of society. It was in the same room, and about the same spot, that, some short time after this favourable reverse of their fortunes, they were again found indulging in reminiscences of the past. 'Does it not seem strange,' said Edward, 'that so trifling a circumstance as your supposing that I was once jealous of young Morris should have led to all our misfortunes?' 'No, my dear,' replied his wife, 'it was not that circumstance, but my foolishly insisting upon the matter after I saw that you were annoyed at it.' 'But then, how silly of me to be annoyed at such a trifle.' 'Oh, how I wept the first evening you quitted me!' 'And I to have supposed that you cared not whether I were offended or not.' 'The fact is, my dear,' said Caroline, 'I had then too much pride.' 'And I,' retorted Edward, giving her a kiss, 'too little temper.'

## OCCASIONAL NOTES.

### WORKMEN'S SINGING CLASSES.

WITH great pleasure we direct attention to the numerous singing classes which have been recently established, in Cheshire and Lancashire, for the purpose of diffusing the recreative effects of music amongst the operatives of those districts. To expatiate on the benefits of such institutions, not only to the persons more immediately deriving instruction from them, but to society at large, would be useless. They are too obvious for explanation. Such means of spreading a love for one of the most innocent, pleasing, and morally influential of the fine arts—coming, as it happily did, almost coincidentally with the temperance movement—has proved highly instrumental in bringing about the vast improvement in the manners of the humbler classes, by which the present century will be distinguished from preceding ones in the eyes of the future historian.

At present, the head-quarters of these musical societies is Manchester. The system followed is that of Wilhem, introduced into this country by Mr Hullah, and began in the manufacturing districts by the formation of small classes, by which its efficacy was fully tested. Its future success appeared to depend entirely upon some organisation which would unite the scattered forces of the detached classes; and this was effected in Manchester, where an 'upper school' was established, from which the minor societies, distributed over the manufacturing districts, derive assistance and advice. Arrangements are periodically made for all the pupils to congregate from each part of the country. At the first of these meetings, which took place in Manchester on the 1st of June last, fifteen hundred voices were collected, and in going through the various pieces they had practised, produced those sublime effects which numbers and careful execution only can accomplish. The fact of fifteen hundred *proficients* existing, speaks of perhaps treble that number, who, instead of spending their leisure less worthily or advantageously to themselves, employ it in learning to sing.

Besides engaging operatives to make a good and amusing use of their leisure, the promoters of the Lancashire and Cheshire singing societies aim at another object—that of effecting improvements in congregational singing. This part of the plan cannot be too widely promoted. Laying aside all considerations of a devotional character as regards the vocalist, it is obvious that it would be better if congregations could sing harmoniously than according to the present system. The most important good, however, which is likely to flow

from the cultivation of this branch of musical study is, that it will in all probability attract persons to places of worship who would not otherwise visit them. To enjoy the pleasure of joining in a psalm, they would at least be drawn within the sphere of religious instruction. We are led into these remarks in consequence of learning that the directors of the workmen's singing classes have not received that encouragement in improving the mere execution of congregational praise which their good intentions merit.

In point of expense, these classes come quite within the reach of the poorest operative. As we explained in a former number concerning food and lodging, by combination our manufacturing population can get everything cheaply; and to this rule instruction in music is no exception. A master can teach a hundred pupils with as little trouble as one. Hence by this sort of union the musical student is enabled to get his lessons for a penny or three-halfpence each; the extra halfpenny going to the purchase of music, which has been published in a cheap form. One number of the part-music issued for the use of these classes is now on our table. In it are contained two glees: 'Here in cool grot,' by Lord Mornington, and Dr Cooke's 'Hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,' the price of which is twopence. At the music-shops, for these pieces, with the mere addition of pianoforte accompaniments, two shillings each are charged. Books of rudiments are published at equally low rates.

Besides singing classes, the committee of the Central Institution has instituted lectures, musical soirées, choral meetings, and is forming an extensive musical library. Hitherto their well-directed efforts have been highly successful, and we sincerely trust that they will continue to prosper.

### READING ALOUD.

Charles Kemble has been reading Shakspeare to London audiences, and it would be well if, from among the thousands who listened to him, a few could be induced to carry the practice into private life. We know of no accomplishment so valuable as that of reading 'with good emphasis and discretion,' of catching the meaning and spirit of an author, and conveying them to others with a distinct and intelligible utterance; and yet, strange to say, there is no department of modern education so much neglected. Indeed, so general is this neglect, that scarcely one young lady or gentleman in a dozen who boast of having 'finished' their education, can, on being requested, read aloud to a private company with that ease and graceful modulation which is necessary to the perfect appreciation of the author. There is either a forced and unnatural mouthing, a hesitating and imperfect articulation, or a monotony of tone so thoroughly painful, that one listens with impatience, and is glad when some excuse presents itself for his absence. Whatever may be the imperfections of our school tuition, this defect is rather to be attributed to a want of taste, and consequent neglect of practice on the part of grown-up individuals, than to any defect in their elementary training. There may be a deficiency of good models; but the main evil arises from the unequal value which seems to be attached to good reading as compared with music, dancing, painting, and other fashionable acquirements. Why it should be so, we can discover no good cause, but, on the contrary, see many substantial reasons why reading aloud should be cultivated as one of the most useful and attractive of domestic accomplishments.

To young ladies, for example, the habit of reading aloud has much to recommend it. As mere exercise, it is highly beneficial on account of the strength and vigour which it confers on the chest and lungs; while the mental pleasure to be derived therefrom is one of the most delightful that can adorn the family circle. Gathered round the winter's fire or evening lamp, what could be more cheerful for the aged and infirm, what more instructive to the younger branches, or

more exemplary to the careless, than the reading aloud of some entertaining author, and who could do this with greater grace or more impressive effect than a youthful female? It requires no great effort to attain this art, no neglect of music, painting, or other accomplishment; it is, in fact, more a practice than a study, and one which the interest excited by new books and periodicals would always prevent from becoming dull or tiresome. Were females of all ranks to adopt the practice more than they do at present, they would bind to their homes many who are otherwise disposed to go in search of unworthy enjoyments, and would add another chain of delightful associations wherewith to attach the young to the family hearth. Another advantage which it would confer on the fair readers themselves, would be the improved utterance and intonation which correct reading would produce, instead of that simpering and lisping which are so often to be met with even among females of the higher classes. Nor is it to women in their domestic capacity only that the practice of reading aloud would be attended with benefit. Many of the middle and lower classes are under the necessity of earning a livelihood by in-door employments, such as millinery, straw-plaiting, pattern-painting, and the like, and being in general occupied in one apartment of moderate size, the reading aloud of proper books would be to them not only a source of healthful recreation, but of amusement and instruction. In such establishments, reading by turns would present a beautiful picture, and however limited the amount of information disseminated, it would at all events be a thousand times preferable to that system of idle and worthless gossip which is said now to prevail.

To young men preparing for professional labours, the art of reading aloud is indispensable; and though not equally necessary for what are called business-men, still to such it is a becoming and valuable acquirement. Ask your son, who has lately gone to the counting-room, to read you the last debate in parliament, and ten to one he will rattle through it with a jumbling indistinctness of utterance, that you are glad when his hour calls him away, and leaves you to the quiet enjoyment of self-perusal. And why is this? Simply because the youth has never been taught to regard reading aloud in the light of a graceful accomplishment. At school he learned to know his words, and that was so far useful; but to read as a gentleman, in the spirit and meaning of the author, this is what he has yet to acquire by the imitation of good models and by frequent practice. That the art of reading aloud is at the low ebb we mention, any one can readily convince himself by requesting his friend to read for him the last speech of the British premier, or message of the American president. Twenty to one he will find his friend an apt enough scholar, but a careless and indifferent enunciator—one who has all along read for himself, and whose only object has been merely to acquire the meaning of the works he perused. At the period of the Reform Bill, when newspapers were read by the million, it was customary, in the workshops of tailors, flax-dressers, and others, for one to read aloud while the others were at work—those who could read fluently taking their turns of this duty, and those who could not, paying the others who did, according to the amount of time spent in the exercise. In some instances, indeed, a reader was paid by the workmen, it being his duty to read the public debates and leading articles at so much per hour. We have occasionally listened to such a reader (one of the workmen), and been astonished at the force and freedom of his utterance, and the manner in which he modulated his intonations, throwing himself exactly into the place of the speaker. Now, this was not the result of any superior tuition, but the effect of listening to the best public speakers, and of his daily exercise as reader to the establishment. Unfortunately the practice to which we refer died with the excitement of the period; but we see no cause why the attention which was then given to public affairs might not be profitably

directed to entertaining and instructive authors. It is true that the inquiring and studious workman will cultivate his own mind at home; but all workmen are not inquiring and studious, and the introduction of reading aloud to each other in turn would be productive of incalculable benefit.

Singing for the million is cried up on all hands—why not reading aloud? What Mainzer has accomplished for the one art, might be effected by Charles Kemble for the other. We have in almost every family and workshop evidence of what practice in concert has done for vocal music—why not the same for reading aloud? The one art is chiefly valued as an amusement and refining accomplishment—the other is equally entertaining, quite as necessary for the adornment of public or private life, and certainly more directly productive of utility and knowledge.

#### THE STREETS OF LONDON.

Three years ago we took occasion to notice the extreme dirtiness of the streets of London; and, laying all considerations of mere convenience or taste out of the question, the danger to public health from the accumulating refuse of so large a city. Our views on this point unfortunately offended a local feeling, which we could not have expected to find in so large a city. That we had not overstated the case, however, was evident from remarks of a similar character with our own which afterwards appeared in the Times and Morning Herald newspapers, both of which spoke of the streets of London as in a state thoroughly disgraceful to all concerned.

The metropolitan press has occasionally returned to the subject, but nothing has been done in the way of improvement. London is as dirty as ever—less foul, certainly, than Paris or the older parts of Edinburgh; because in all domestic arrangements the English far transcend the French, Scotch, and all other nations; but still, as respects its thoroughfares, so generally unclean, so unscrapped and unswept, that its condition is the surprise of every stranger. The answer usually made by an inhabitant of the metropolis to any observation on this delicate subject is, 'That the immense traffic in the streets precludes the tidiness which might be desirable—that London is wonderfully clean, all things considered.' In reply to such answers, we can only state the following undeniable facts. Streets in which there is most traffic are occasionally the cleanest. Lanes and streets enjoying comparatively little traffic are in many instances the most uncleanly. But in point of fact there seems to be no regular principle either as to cleanliness or dirtiness. In a walk of three or four miles in a tolerably straightforward direction, you will pass through a dozen degrees of impurity. One stretch of street will be clean, the next lying one or two inches deep in mud, the next clean, the next dirty, and so on. Regent Street, Oxford Street, St Giles, and Holborn, offer a fair specimen of these varieties. While remarking that Regent Street and some parts of Oxford Street are invariably clean, we have observed that some parts of the St Giles and Holborn continuation of the latter street have lain unswept for weeks.

In dry weather, the unswept streets would soon become impassable from dust, were they not, in such seasons, daily deluged with water. The consequence of this practice is, that the thoroughfares of London are never free from wet impurities, and the exhalations arising from them. The watering is performed on a scale of universal liberality: streets that are paved with wood, and would, if swept, throw up no dust at all, are as profusely irrigated as if they were macadamised roads. A natural result is, that these wooden pavements, swimming in wet and dirt, present no sufficient hold for the horses' feet, and are complained of for their extreme slipperiness, while the real defect is in the want of a uniform and comprehensive system of sweeping. When the causes of this defect are inquired into, they are found in the number of jurisdictions into

which London is broken up (about eighty, it is said), as far as cleaning and paving are concerned. Each petty parochial management contracts with persons to remove impurities from the streets, and the contractors feel themselves under no obligation to act from any consideration save their own convenience. Remonstrances have been made by public bodies as to this antiquated and imperfect system of cleansing, but hitherto without avail. Though petty, the jurisdictions are, politically speaking, powerful; and we know of no means of quelling them but a legislative measure in the hands of an energetic government. It is notorious that, unless government had stepped in to reform the metropolitan police, and take it in some measure under its own management, it never would have been reformed. A similar movement is now required with regard to the scavenging of London—the parishes will not, and the people can not move. Every abuse will continue, unless, in carrying out the sanitary improvement of towns, the government vigorously interfere to remove this great and inveterate nuisance.

## THE LITERATURE OF THE CHINESE.



### FIRST ARTICLE—CHINESE WRITING.

THE curious complexity of characters presented to the European eye by such specimens of Chinese writing or printing as have reached this country, has had the effect of deterring many persons from its study. But, like most other difficulties, this, though formidable at first sight, is found easy to conquer on closer examination—when the rudiments of the Chinese written language, and the principles on which those rudiments are founded, are explained. 'The rumoured difficulties attendant on the acquisition of Chinese, from the great number and variety of the characters, are the mere exaggerations of ignorance, and so far mischievous, as they are calculated to deter many from the pursuit whose business takes them to the country, and would no doubt be greatly promoted by some practical acquaintance with its language.\*' That the more general study of it would be very beneficial in a commercial point of view, there can be no question. Higher considerations, however, exist to incite the inquiring student. Chinese is the language of nearly one-third of the inhabitants of the globe.† As a means, therefore, of holding free communication with so large a proportion of our fellow-creatures, it ought to be assiduously cultivated. Moreover, it has been acknowledged by competent philologists to be the most perfect system of scriptural language ever yet invented; one, too, in which more books have been written than in any language of Europe—the Chinese being, as we explained in a former article, the most literary nation upon earth. These are startling facts, not sufficiently known in this country.

One great advantage is presented to the learner at the outset. Chinese is perfectly independent of all other lingual studies, and the most uneducated person may set to work and commence its acquirement with very nearly the same chance of success as the most educated. He who desires an acquaintance with many of the continental languages, will find a previous knowledge of Latin of great service, from the number of words woven by the Romans into the dialects of Europe during their conquests. Whoever, again, is anxious to learn to write short-hand (to which Chinese characters bear a distant analogy), should be already a good penman and gram-

marian; but it is not so with the study of this singular language. Scholastic learning aids but little in its acquirement; inasmuch that if we were asked what would be the easiest kind of writing to teach a person who did not know his alphabet? we should answer, 'the Chinese language.' This arises from the fact that the system differs from all others in existence—it has no alphabet. Those, therefore, who have studied alphabetic languages, find their previous knowledge useless, and they, as well as the most unlettered, must begin at the very beginning.

A language without an alphabet may strike some of our readers as something extremely imperfect, and a little incongruous; but if they will only follow us in the forthcoming explanation, they will see how exceedingly well literature can get on without an alphabet. This explanation, to be intelligible, must commence at the root and origin of all systems of record; for it happens that the Chinese plan is founded on the very first expedient adopted by mankind to communicate their ideas to each other otherwise than by speech, but that expedient brought to a high state of perfection.

The origin of all writing is drawing; for the primitive plan of communicating facts through the medium of the eye, instead of through that of the ear, was by drawing or graphically copying the action or thing concerning which the communication was to be made. A person wishing to send to a friend at a distance a missive communicating the fact of a man having slain a lion, drew, or caused to be drawn, the likeness of a human being killing a wild animal. When the ancient Egyptians desired posterity to know the history of their dead, they buried them in chambers, on the walls of which were painted the various employments and achievements of the deceased during his lifetime.\* Such representations being extremely troublesome and difficult to figure, were gradually abandoned for more simple and concise forms, which, though having but a faint resemblance to the objects concerning which the record was to be made, were arbitrarily understood to possess definite meanings. Thus, it was settled by the ancient Chinese that the character, , should mean 'mouth'; and is still retained, but in a form more convenient for being written. In the hieroglyphics of Egypt,  stood for a bow; and the same sort of sign figured upright was used by the ancient Chinese to denote the same thing, and is still retained with very little alteration. The ancient Chinese characters are to be met with in old Chinese works, just as we find the books of the early typographers printed in German text. They are called *Kou-wei*; and a collection of them may be seen in the Jesuit Amiot's Letters from Peking, and in the second volume of Klaproth's Memoirs relative to Asia.

This pictorial system would have answered very well, if we needed to communicate nothing more than what relates to substantive objects, which could be seen and copied; but it required a further advance in the art of writing for man to record or communicate that which is abstract or non-material. No mere graphic figure could, for example, picture what we mean by 'pride,' or 'iniquity,' or 'goodness.' Now, here is the point from which the Chinese system of inscribed language diverges from all the others. The originators of the alphabetic plan seeing, perhaps, the hopelessness of conveying abstract ideas by the phainetic or hieroglyphic system, adopted a new principle for the improvement of writing: they took the sounds which men utter to express abstractions by means of speech, and reducing them to a system of representation by inscription, invented an alphabetic or phonetic plan of writing.† Through this track the system we follow was handed down to us. The Chinese, however—true to the conservative prin-

\* The Chinese, by John Francis Davis, Esq. chap. xvi. We cannot resist the opportunity which this quotation gives us, of informing our readers that Mr Davis's work—the most authentic, entertaining, and candid account of the Chinese which has yet been furnished to the English public—has been lately published in Knight's series of weekly volumes. Consequently it is to be obtained for three shillings. The price of the first edition was, we believe, a guinea.

† Klaproth *Memoires Relatifs à l'Asie*, vol. III. page 106.

\* Numerous copies of these paintings are to be found in Sir Gardner Wilkinson's 'Topography of Thebes,' and 'Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians.'

† The word Phainetic is derived from the Greek word Phaino, I make appear, and applies to the system solely derived from the picturing of objects. Phonetic is derived from Phono, I sound.

ciples which have distinguished them from the beginning of history—adhered to the old plan, but improved it by attributing analogous qualities to substantive things. Thus they express the abstract idea 'splendour' by a junction of the two characters by which they represent the most brilliant of natural objects—namely, the sun and the moon. 'Comfort' is composed of the two signs which, when separate, mean respectively 'rice' and 'mouth'; for one of the greatest blessings a Chinaman can conceive, is having plenty of rice to eat.

The Chinese written language, then, consists of representations of natural objects, so combined by analogous reasoning and allusion, as to form a perfect ideographic system of caligraphy. Not having been derived from the ever-varying intonations of the human voice, it is so perfectly independent of all dialects, that whilst the inhabitants of various parts of China—Proper, of Cochin-China, of Japan, Loo-Choo, and Corea, are unintelligible to each other in speech, yet they can effectually communicate their ideas in writing. The best practical illustration of a written character, common to several nations who cannot understand each other's speech, are the Arabic numerals common to all Europe. An Englishman, who could not understand what an Italian meant if he said *venti-due*, would comprehend him immediately if he wrote down 22. This advantage, which belongs to our numerals only, pertains to the whole language of the Chinese, and those other nations who use the same characters, without affixing to them the same pronunciation.\* In like manner, music can be performed by musicians of any European nation. A Jesuit missionary happily characterised the Chinese language, when he said it was well adapted 'to paint words, and to speak to the eyes.' This renders Chinese perfectly well adapted for a universal medium of communication between all nations. Such was, indeed, a proposition methodised by Bishop Wilkins in an elaborate 'Essay towards a Real Character, and a Philosophical Language,' which he presented to the Royal Society.

Having learnt the principles on which Chinese writing was originally constructed, the reader is prepared to go into such details as will enable him to unravel the mass of curious strokes, curves, crosses, and contortions, which Chinese writing presents to his eye. The whole of the characters are made up of six elementary strokes; the combination of which (varying of course in print and different handwritings) completes the whole system. The student's first lesson, therefore, will be easy enough. Let him get the proper Chinese materials, which consist of fine paper, a camel-hair brush, and a thick dilution of Indian or Chinese ink, and learn to make neatly and readily the following marks — 一 丨 丿 乙 ㇏ †. These

marks may be so varied in composition as to admit of being employed in many different ways, which are chiefly divided by the Chinese into—1st, *The Chuen-shoo*, or ancient characters; 2d, *Le-shoo*, or style-proper for officials; 3d, *Keue-shoo*, or pattern style—a bold legible character, answering to our round text; 4th, *Hing-shoo*, running-hand, in which the strokes are blended and contracted according to established rules; 5th, *Taou-tze*, a sort of short-hand, in which the characters are so much abbreviated, that much practice is necessary to decipher it, and is chiefly used for epistolary writing; 6th, *Sung-te*, or printing character.

Regarding the next lesson, the scholar learns the astonishing and encouraging fact, that when he has mastered it, he will have obtained an insight into the whole of the language! There are two hundred and fourteen primitive characters, which are formed by the combination of the above six marks. The meaning of a greater portion of these (for some are unnecessary) he will have to learn. They are very properly called 'keys,'

or, by the natives, *Tee-poo*, 'directing characters.' To facilitate their acquirement, the Chinese have divided them into seventeen classes, according to the number of strokes employed to form them. The first class having only one stroke, includes, therefore, no more than the above primitive characters; the second class consists of those keys which are made by any two of them; the third, such as contain three strokes; and so on up to the seventeenth class, which contains the like number of marks, some of the primitive ones being often repeated in different positions. Now, the reason why a knowledge of these keys makes so great a stride in the study of the language is, that one of them is to be found in each of the thirty thousand characters in general use.\* When once acquainted with them, the student is in a condition to translate Chinese by the aid of a dictionary; of which we now proceed to show how he may avail himself, that being also the best method of giving the general reader a notion of the construction of the Chinese system of writing.

The two hundred and fourteen roots singly express the principal objects or ideas that mankind have occasion to communicate to one another; such as man, horse, dog, metal. When you see the signs representing either of these things combined with others, you know at once the *subject* to which the whole character refers. Every symbol which has reference, for instance, to man, has the key 人, *yin*, in it. Suppose the sign 𠤎 is met with. A little practice will show which part of it is the key; in this instance *yin*. You see at once that, because *yin* has two strokes, it belongs to the second class. Turning to the dictionary, you refer to that part of it which contains the second class characters, and having found the mark for *yin*, proceed to the subdivision in which that key is combined with signs of the fifth class, because the character to which it is joined has five strokes; and looking down the columns of signs thus compounded of the second and fifth classes, you soon discover the one you want made up of 人, *yin* or *man*, and 田, *tien*, a cultivated field, and that the meaning you are in search of is *farmer*.

Should, again, 𠤎 occur, we perceive the key to be the first sign. Seeking it amongst the classes with three strokes, we are told it means a mouth, and it is at once known that the above symbol relates to something in which that organ is concerned. Pursuing research to the subdivision in which *hoo* or mouth is accompanied by characters with seven marks, the identical sign we have just figured will be seen with the definition 'compliment,' otherwise 𠤎, *hoo*, 'mouth,' and 𠤎, *yee*, 'a word'—a very characteristic etymology—Chinese compliments being notoriously seldom more than mere lip service. To denote plurality, the same sign is repeated once or twice; thus the first primitive sign 一 means one, or unity, but 二 is two, or duality. The symbol for tree twice written means a thicket, but thrice repeated denotes a forest. Two *yin*, or men, together stand for a multitude.

These examples may serve to give a general idea of the principles upon which Chinese writing may be deciphered, and the ease with which it can, with a little attention, be done. Nor will the study be found so dry as may at first sight be supposed; for some of the etymologies (especially those of abstract nouns or qualities) are not only amusing, but instructive of the notions and manners of the people. The word to govern is composed of 'bamboo' and 'slap'; than which nothing could better express the leading principle of the Chinese government. The two signs which express *kheu*, proud, are 'high' and 'horse.' The symbol for

\* Davis.

† We place these marks side by side, for the convenience of our own pages. But the Chinese write invariably in columns, and read each page from top to bottom, and from right to left.

\* The Chinese reckon eighty thousand characters in all; but most of these are either obsolete, or discarded from general use. The works of Confucius contain no more than 9000 characters.

chee, shame, when separated, would be 'the ear,' and 'to stop.' *Cheu*, a prisoner, is formed by *yin*, a man, placed within *yu*, an enclosure. The low estimation of the female sex, which forms an unamiable trait in Chinese national character, peeps out in many expressions very uncomplimentary to the ladies. 'A girl' and 'thought,' when placed together, mean *fickleness*: the symbol for 'woman' thrice repeated denotes *mischievousness* or *treachery*. *Death* is made up of 'sickness' and 'woman'; from a tradition that a certain emperor, having been given over by his physicians, was left in the hands of women, when he died 'as a matter of course.' 'Broken reed,' from which we and the Latins took the idea, is with the Chinese also expressive of *misfortune*. The signs for 'fine' and 'words,' when joined, mean *deceit*. A *bargain* is represented by 'a word' and 'a nail.' In short, there is scarcely a Chinese symbol but presents combinations equally curious and characteristic: some of them, however, are quite inexplicable, from the traditions or facts which gave rise to them having been lost or forgotten.

But something more than the amusing practice of ascertaining the signification of Chinese symbols is required before the pupil will be able to translate with facility: he must learn upon what principle the signs follow each other, or, as we should say, how the words are put together, so as to make up a complete idea or a complete statement. Here, again, we find the unsophisticated state of the language a great assistance to the learner. The language, not admitting of inflection, has no grammar. Although works on philology and etymology abound, no Chinese book treating of the construction or the grammar (properly so called) of the language has been discovered. This is not difficult to explain. The whole of the written language consisting of signs originally copied from visible objects, it follows that the only part of speech it is possible for it to have is, strictly speaking, the substantive. 'A language all substantives?' exclaims the pupil; 'this rather puzzles than enlightens me!' The puzzle is soon solved. The English grammarian knows that our own language consists, in reality, of no more than two elements, namely, of nouns and particles. To get a complete notion, therefore, of a language all nouns, it is only necessary to refer to a short-hand writer, who discards particles; for, in following a speaker, he only puts down the more important words; consequently, his notes consist of nothing but a language of nouns; yet he can read them as fluently as you can good Roman print. But the Chinese do not go so far as the stenographer: they do make use of characters equivalent to our prepositions, conjunctions, &c. though each of those signs is, in fact, a substantive; because although the radical meaning of each Chinese character never changes, whatever be its position in a sentence, and although it is always a substantive, yet that substantive may be employed adverbially, adjectively, as a preposition, conjunction, &c.; in other words, according to its position in the sentence, it is made to perform the office of those parts of speech, without changing either its form or original signification. This will be better understood by a reference to our own language, in which the same thing frequently occurs. Take the word *present* as an example: in the sentence 'he made him a present,' it is a noun-substantive; in 'they present him with an annual sum,' it becomes, by a change of accent, a noun-active, or verb; in 'the present season,' it is an adjective; in 'at present, I am unable,' it changes to an adverb. Multitudes of words also occur which are used both as substantives and verbs without the least change of accent; such as love, fear, and hope. 'These show,' says Dr Marshman,\* 'the possibility of using a word in various grammatical senses, without the least change in the word itself, while the accompanying characters define with certainty the sense in which it is used.' As an example of how the Chinese sometimes make their sub-

stantives active, so as to cause them to serve as verbs, we instance the following:—*Koo*, a mouth, and *yih*, an arrow, when placed together, communicates the idea of an arrow darting into a mouth, and makes 知

*chee*, to know, because 'knowledge,' says the Chinese lexicographer, 'in its motion, resembles the swiftness of an arrow.' It is easy to see how this principle, more extensively applied, may form other of the more important parts of speech.

But we have yet to account for the possibility of turning nouns into particles, and of this our own tongue also supplies numerous examples. One will suffice: the conjunction 'if' is nothing more than an abbreviation of the verb 'give,' and is used in exactly the same signification as of old; namely, in a subjunctive or conditional sense.\* We now proceed to afford some examples of the principle by which Chinese particles originate out of substantives. A perpendicular line drawn through *koo*, the mouth, 口 means 'through,' in the midst, or within. The preposition 'above' is formed by the primitive horizontal stroke, meaning one, and the often-mentioned key, *yin* or man, thus, 上; while, to express 'below,' the man is placed underneath, thus, 下. Admitting that *yih* (the horizontal stroke—literally 'one') denotes the level or medium; by placing *yin* above it, the idea is suggested of something above or superior, whilst the reverse is indicated when the sign for man is written underneath. Now, these characters, besides being particles, are also nouns abstract in themselves, meaning, besides, 'a superior' and 'an inferior;' and how they should be applied, is fully indicated by the context; for it must be observed, although the power of the words change, the idea is precisely the same. Wherever those characters appear, you may be perfectly certain that they apply to something (*what* the context will supply) which you are to suppose is above or below. Such a meaning, and no other, is instantly communicated by the sight of those arbitrary symbols; and to comprehend the idea they convey, no mental analysis is necessary, as in alphabetic and syllabic languages. Analysis being unnecessary, so of course is grammar, and this is very probably the reason why no European linguist has been able to discover a Chinese treatise on that subject.

The only approach to grammar which the Chinese have made, is the division of the whole of their words according to their origin and components. This classification has six branches. 1st, *Seang-hing*, 'imitative symbols,' comprehending the six hundred and eight characters which bear a resemblance to the objects they express, such as the sign for *koo*, the mouth. 2d, *Che-tze*, 'indicative symbols,' which express attributes and relative circumstances, like the signs for 'above,' 'below,' &c. This class comprises one hundred and seven characters. 3d, *Hwuy-e*, or 'symbols combining ideas,' such as making 'splendour' from the signs for sun and moon, or causing two *yin*, or men, to stand for a multitude. There are seven hundred and forty of these symbols. 'It is in this,' remarks Gutzlaff, 'that the framers of the characters have shown their greatest ingenuity. Much sound sense and original thought are discovered in these symbols.'† 4th, *Chuen-choo*, or 'inverted symbols,' a puzzling class, numbering three hundred and seventy-two, in which the form of the characters has been inverted from the idea it arose from, thus: the sign for *right* is on the left side of *koo*, a mouth, and the sign for *left* is on the right side of the same symbol. 5th, *Keo-*

\* Thus, Ben Jonson in the 'Sad Shepherd'—

My largesse

Hath lotted her to be your brother's mistress

Gl' [Give, that is, let it be given or supposed] shee be reclaimed:

Gl' not, his prey.

† China Opened, vol. I. p. 394.

\* Clavis Sinica (The Key to Chinese), p. 195.

shung, or 'symbols expressive of sounds,' and is the nearest approach to the phonetic or syllabic systems of writing in the language. These signs represent such sounds as are supposed to resemble the noises made by the things they represent. Upon this principle our own word 'whizz' was formed, from the supposed resemblance of the sound made by an arrow or bullet while cleaving the air; 'buzz,' too, is very like the noise made by a bee. In this way the Chinese character representing water is pronounced 'shway,' which bears no very distant resemblance to the splashing of water. The sixth class, or *hea-tsay*, comprises about 598 different characters, and are figurative, like the word 'govern,' from slap and bamboo, the signs for 'pride,' 'comfort,' &c. before explained.

The next difficulty—one common indeed to the rudiments of all foreign languages—is that presented by the different consecutive order in which words are placed to express the same fact or idea. Thus, to say 'I saw him in the city,' a Frenchman would alter that arrangement of the words thus—'I him saw in the city' (Je lui voyais dans la cité); while to render the sentence into good Latin, it would stand, 'Him in the city I saw' (Illum in urbe vidi). Fortunately, the difficulty thus created is not greater in Chinese than in any of the above instances. The words in the sentence, 'Only three vessels of war are arrived,' fall, in Chinese, in this order, 'Military vessel three only come are.' This phrase put into Latin, does not in the least differ from the Chinese version, standing *Militares naves tres singule advenae sunt*. When a Chinaman wishes to write 'This is better than that,' he would use signs which, when literally translated, would read, 'This, compared with that, is the more good,' of which no one would hesitate to conjecture the true signification; for though the words do not occur in the same consecutive order as in English, yet in most instances the sense is so directly and plainly expressed, that it can seldom be mistaken, even by the novice.

In drawing this very faint outline of the origin, construction, and nature of the Chinese language, we have had no other design than to direct general attention to its study. With such inadequate means of development as lie within the limits of an article in a popular journal, it would be impossible to communicate any well-grounded elementary knowledge. We regret that no treatise on the rudiments of the Chinese language has yet been published in such a form as to come within the reach of general readers. Those, however, in whom we may have awakened a desire to acquire a knowledge of this most ancient and philosophical system of symbols, we beg to refer to the *Clavis Sinica* of Dr Marshman, the Chinese Grammar and Dictionary of Dr Morrison, and the published Lectures of Professor Kidd—provided they are able to obtain access to those expensive works.

It is necessary to describe, in conclusion, the implements used by the Chinese for writing; upon a uniform and elegant execution of which they lay great stress as a point of education. The apparatus consists, first, of a cake of what is largely imported into this country under the name of Indian ink; and although, from the perfect impalpability of the compound, and the exquisite jet of the black, various elaborate receipts have been conjectured for its manufacture, is composed of nothing but lamp-black and gluten, with a little musk to give it an agreeable odour. The sticks or cakes are ornamented, in gold and various colours—generally, as our readers may have seen, with the figure of a dragon, having on its back an octangular tablet. The Chinese words usually stamped above are *Loung ma fou*, *thou*—that is to say 'The horse-dragon carrying on his back the tablet.' This refers to a tradition which gave rise to the figure of a dragon being always expressive of royalty; and when the tablet or seal is added to this sign, it means (or should mean) that the article was made by the emperor's manufacturer, who resides at Koong-me, near Nankin, where the best ink is made. The mark is, however, simulated so

extensively by less celebrated makers, that nine cakes of ink out of ten are adorned with it.—The second article for the writing-table is a smooth slab of slate or schistus, with a depression at each end to hold water. Upon this slab the ink is rubbed precisely as water-colour artists prepare their colours for use.—The third implement is a pencil made of rabbits' hair, inserted into a reed handle, and used exactly in the same manner as we use camel-hair brushes. This accounts for the shapes of the lines engraved above, which result from the use of the small brush instead of a pen, and vary of course, as all handwriting does, with the skill and fancy of the writer. The main outline and direction of the characters are, however, all traceable to the six elementary strokes.—The fourth article is, of course, paper. This is nearly transparent, being much thinner and more porous than that which we use; and, as it is made of the delicate inner bark of the bamboo, is not white, but of a straw-coloured tint. Some idea of the fineness of this paper may be formed by comparison with that which is used by printers for their 'India proofs,' which is the common paper manufactured by the Chinese for wrapping up parcels, and makes its way into this country around packages of silk.

These implements are called 'the four precious elements'; and it is a part of the education of a young Chinese to keep them in neat and efficient order.

#### RUSH-BEARING.

Many precious rites  
And customs of our rural ancestry  
Are gone, or stealing from us.—*W. Wordsworth.*

ONE of the old country festivals still surviving in some retired nooks and corners of our island is the rush-bearing, a ceremony interesting enough as a mere spectacle of gay dresses and happy faces, but still more as the vestige of a rite, the origin of which is scarcely perceptible in the remoteness of antiquity. As we have seen it celebrated in the north of England, it is simply this:—The young maidens of the village, on the eve of some particular Sunday in the height of summer, fall into procession, and walk to church, each carrying a wreath of flowers, with a few rushes here and there interspersed. The garlands are distributed over the interior of the building, and permitted to remain until the afternoon of the succeeding day, when each girl resumes the 'virgin crants' she had previously borne. Many conjectures have been formed as to the institution of this observance. The opinion most generally entertained is, that it sprang out of the recommendation of Pope Gregory IV. to the early priesthood, that on the anniversary of the foundation of their churches, they should construct huts of green branches near the sacred edifices, and solemnise the day with sober festivity. Anciently, the rushes were taken in greater quantity, and spread over the floor, where they remained until the progress of decay rendered a fresh supply necessary. Not only was this done at the annual rush-bearing, but also throughout the year, by way of protection against the humidity of the ground. It is easy to cite instances of this comfortless proceeding. In the churchwarden's accounts for the parish of St Margaret, Westminster, for 1544, there is the following item:—'Paid for rushes against the dedication-day, which is always the first Sunday in October, 1s. 5d.:' and in a similar set of accounts for the church of St Mary at Hill, London, for 1504, there is this entry:—'Paid for two berden rysshes for the strewing the new pewes, 3d.' If the ceremony of rush-bearing was originally established as a religious rite, that purpose seems in process of time to have become entirely changed, and scenes of rustic merriment attendant upon a village wake took the place of solemn observances. Rush-bearing was then classed with morris-dances, revels, and the like. A passage in a satirical work of the seventeenth century proves this statement. The

writer, speaking of a country braggadocio, says, 'His sovereignty is shewn highest at May-games, wakes, summerings, and *rush-bearings*; where it is twentie to one but hee becomes beneficial to the lord of the manour by means of a bloody nose or a broken pate.' That is, the lord's coffers would be swelled by the fines inflicted upon him for his ruffianly behaviour.

In a manuscript preserved in the Harleian Collection, British Museum, there is an account of a *rush-bearing* at Bunbury, in Cheshire, which we transfer to our pages. 'Being at my worthy friend's, the worthy Mr Allen's house, at Torporley, in Cheshire, and hearing that there was a famous *rush-bearing*, as the Cheshire people call it, on account of the hanging up a new chandelier of brass in their church, which cost the parish about £30, we took a ride there in the evening to see the ceremony. This parish is a very large one, and has about a dozen townships depending on it, which all sent at different times garlands and large kind of fans, adorned with gilt paper cut with various figures, and mixed with flowers: these were borne by separate persons, each having one in his hand, and coming in procession from their different townships at intervals; and many of the neighbouring villages also sending them garlands, all which were set up in different parts of the church, made it look very ornamental, and gave the whole village an air of gaiety and cheerfulness not usual in the more southern parts of the kingdom. On the dedication-day of their churches in the north, it is usual for them to strew them with rushes, and other ways adorn them; but it had not been practised at Bunbury within the memory of man: but having now roofed their church about two years before, and very handsomely ceiled it, and buying the aforesaid brass branch, they were desirous of solemnising the memory of it; and the day following was to be ushered in with the ringing of bells, and two sermons, and great psalm-singing, and other festivities. St Boniface is the patron saint of the church, on which day their wake is held.'

The ancient practice of strewing the floors of private dwellings, as well as of churches, with rushes and other herbs, is well known. Sir Thomas Newton, in his 'Herbal to the Bible,' printed in 1587, says, 'Sedge and rushes, with the which many in the country do use in the sommer time to strew their parlors and churches, as well for coolness as for pleasant smell.' In Shakespeare's *Taming of the Shrew*, another illustration of the custom occurs. 'Where's the cook?' cries the impatient Grumio; 'is supper ready, the house trimmed, *rushes strewed*, cobwebs swept, and everything in order?'

#### MY FIRST WORK.

SOME years since, having long been accustomed to put my thoughts upon paper, and my manuscript having increased to a goodly quantity, I determined to form out of it a little volume, and publish it. I was not totally unaware of the hazard of such an undertaking, especially by one whose name was strange to the public; but the many instances I had known of vapid trash having reached several editions, emboldened me to hope that my little book might pay its expenses, and beyond this I had no expectation. I determined, however, to act cautiously, and endeavour to obtain, if possible, a publisher who would take upon himself the entire responsibility of its publication, and give me some trifling remuneration for the manuscript.

The reception I met with from the various publishers on whom I waited was characteristic, and not a little amusing. One glanced at the manuscript, and, observing its subject, shrugged up his shoulders, returning it with the cheering remark, that books of such a character were certain failures. A second twirled the manuscript in his thumb and finger, as though calculating how many pages it would make in print. A third was much

pleased with it, and protested it ought to be published, but declined bringing it out on his own responsibility, as he had already lost not a trifle in works of that description. Another bade me leave it for perusal, and unceremoniously directed me to write on the wrapper the sum I expected for it. Another, with a laudable and perhaps rare conscientiousness, hoped I would excuse the remark, but some of my opinions were so opposed to his own as to their theology, that he must decline publishing it, though he fully agreed with the sentiments in general, and admired the tendency of the book. Some declared they would readily have published it, but they had already other books of the same description in which they were interested, and with whose sale it would interfere. Different, however, as my reception was from the various publishers, yet all agreed in this, that they could not purchase the manuscript, and that, if published at all, it must be at my own risk.

Having calculated the cost, I at length placed the manuscript in the hands of a respectable publisher, employing a friend of my own to print it. The publisher suggested that the manuscript should be increased, in order that the book might be of a more respectable size; and as my time was much engaged in an absorbing occupation, it was not a little harassing to be compelled to tax my wearied powers so severely; and in which I was the more hurried, as it was desirable that the book should be published on a certain early day. Every day, from the first waking moment to the last, I was forced to bend my thoughts to this one object; and in the crowded street, surrounded by the bustle of business, and amidst a thousand distractions, to spur my jaded mind to undue effort, in order finally to prepare the work for the press. Added to this, I was annoyed by the usual vexatious delays, and not a little harassed by the petty details (too well known to authors) of size, paper, type, price, &c. At length, having run the gauntlet of printer, engraver, and bookbinder, and steered my book safely through their hands, I had the satisfaction of seeing it in the publisher's window a few days after the one appointed.

Instead, however, of my trouble and anxiety being now concluded, I found they were only beginning. I had now to send copies to the principal periodicals for review, to write notes in all directions to my friends and acquaintance soliciting their patronage, and to advertise in every widely-circulating vehicle of information, in order that the public might be apprised of the important fact that my little book was published. Anxiously did I await the critiques of the reviewers, and manfully did I nerve myself to brave all the contemptuous or bitter things which carping critics might pen concerning my literary first-born. Not a little pride and pleasure, however, did I feel when, though the approbation of some was very qualified, more than one respectable publication lauded it in the highest terms, and pronounced it fully equal to the works of the very best writers in its line. Month after month I had the satisfaction of seeing quotations from its pages in magazines and reviews of standing and celebrity: again and again I was told how acceptable and esteemed was my little book wherever it had been introduced; and even royalty itself condescended to honour me with its patronage. Thus encouraged, I determined to advertise liberally; five-pound notes were changed and spent in the easiest, if not the pleasantest manner; and my hopes were sanguine that the harvest would at least repay the expense of the seed.

The result of my appeal to my own private friends and acquaintance was on the whole favourable. Many patronised my book to the full extent of their ability, and some, from whom I least expected it, were the most

prompt to encourage and recommend. Some returned no answer; some expressed a desire to read it, and requested to borrow it; some volunteered to dispose of some copies, from whom I never obtained either books or money. Some, on being told the price, wished to know if I could not take less; and others, who evinced no intention of patronising the book I had already written, pronounced it very excellent, and thoughtlessly inquired when I intended to publish another. Some seemed to expect that they should be presented with a copy in virtue of relationship or friendship, and appeared quite incapable of understanding the expense and hazard of publishing, as though the cost were nothing, and the profit certain. Though I sold, therefore, in my own little circle full as many copies as I had expected, yet the units subtracted but very slowly from the aggregate printed, and the shillings I received went but a little way towards liquidating the heavy expenses I had incurred.

On calling at my publisher's, I found that he was highly pleased with the appearance and contents of the book, and that he had sent it round the trade, according to custom; but that, with the exception of one bookseller (to whom some friends had recommended my volume), not one copy had been subscribed for. This was indeed a discouraging beginning; but the publisher assured me that he had no fear that the work would eventually sell, though from its nature it would probably make its way but slowly at the outset; and he strenuously advised me, as the opinions of the press had been so favourable, to advertise liberally. Again, therefore, I had to change my bank-notes; my sovereigns were rapidly transmuted into a pocketful of worthless receipts, though very slowly did the copies disappear from the publisher's shop.

In reply to my inquiries subsequently at the publisher's, I was invariably exhorted to advertise, and told that I was not doing so sufficiently. I had already, however, expended far more than the sale of the whole impression could produce, and I felt it prudent to pause; for although a work can scarcely be expected to sell if not advertised, yet undoubtedly there is a limit beyond which it would be rashness to advance. I was sowing sovereigns to reap shillings; and however advantageous it might be to the publisher to advertise unsparingly, I found that the advertisements affected the sale so feebly, that to me it would be ruinous to persevere. The sale, too, after a time, gradually decreased; attractive novelties were every month appearing; and at length, after three years of anxiety, the sale having almost entirely ceased, I was compelled to close accounts with the publisher, and sell off at any price the remaining copies. The publisher, after deducting his per centage, handed me a few pounds, and the remainder of the copies fetched a price which barely paid for the binding. On balancing my profit and loss, I found that, besides my literary labour, and the worry and inconvenience of publication, I was minus about thirty pounds. Thus ended the history of my first work, and, if my present resolution fail not, my last one.

[The above recital we believe to be a faithful picture, not of one, but of many cases. In the ordinary world, when a novice produces a few poems or prose essays of apparent merit, nothing seems more proper than that they should be published, the merit being expected to secure that attention which will make the publication a profitable one. Those who reason in this manner, never take account the vast competition there is at all times to the ear and eye of the public, rendering it quite possible for very considerable merit to be entirely overlooked. They never dream that even to give a new book a chance of gaining attention, large sums must be spent in advertising, so that it may be something like an impossibility to publish a small book, however decided its merit, lucratively. All these things are known to the booksellers, most of whom have experienced losses by very promising ventures, and it is not therefore surprising that this class of men appear to ardent-minded

young poets as the enemies rather than the friends of aspiring genius. But the booksellers are in the right, if their trade is to be conducted on ordinary principles, and the only error is in literary aspirants not calculating costs before they rush into print.—*Ed.*]

#### THE PROOF-HOUSE AT BIRMINGHAM.

All muskets manufactured at Birmingham must be submitted to a test imposed by government, which takes place in what is called the 'proof-house.' Muskets that have stood this test are stamped. I went to see this interesting proof-house. I was told that every musket was there filled with a charge five times as powerful as that which it was expected to carry when in ordinary use. There are rooms in which the proofing cartridges are prepared, others in which the muskets are loaded, and a place called 'the hole,' where they are discharged. This is managed in the following manner: the loaded muskets, 100 or 120 at a time, are placed side by side upon a low scaffolding, upon which it is possible to fasten them completely. Their mouths are turned towards the inner wall of the room, where the bullets fly into a heap of sand. The walls of the room are of great strength and thickness, and the doors and windows are strongly barricaded with iron. A train of powder is then laid, running over the touch-hole of each piece to a small opening, where it is fired. On the occasion of my visit, 120 muskets, intended for the navy, were tried. These are of larger calibre than those in use in the army. After the discharge had taken place, a little time was allowed for the smoke to clear away before we entered the proof-room, where we found that seven barrels had burst, but that 113 had stood the test. The superintendent of the establishment told me that sometimes as many as twenty out of a hundred would burst, but very often also fewer than seven. If we take five or six per cent. as the average, it gives us a high idea of the excellent workmanship of English gun-makers. We were told that, not long ago, a workman, who had been detected in some little peculation, found means to secrete himself in the proof-room, where he placed his body immediately in front of the battery. He was found quite dead, and pierced by six bullets.—*Kohl's England.*

#### CURE OF IDIOTS BY INTELLECTUAL MEANS.

In reference to an article on the improved method resorted to in France for the amelioration and cure of idiocy, which appeared in our last volume (page 358), we are happy to observe that the system there described has been quite successful in Prussia. It will be remembered that we specially referred to Dr Voisin, chief physician to the Bicêtre hospital near Paris, who has long been successfully employed in improving the intellectual powers of idiots, by bringing into exercise those faculties which appear to be in the most healthy condition. For total idiots, of course nothing can be done; but their proportion to partial idiots is very small; and of the latter, while most of the faculties are deficient, there are generally others that do not fall much, if at all, short of the common condition. To such faculties this treatment is pointedly directed, and the result is, that all the others become gradually improved. The system has been adopted at the Deaf and Dumb Institution, situated No. 83 Lines Street, Berlin, into which insane patients are admitted. 'The instruction of idiots by intellectual means,' says the German newspaper from which we derive our information, 'has succeeded. The problem, theoretically and practically, has been solved by the director, M. Saegert, in conjunction with M. Sachs, first teacher of the establishment; and this solution has been scientifically proved and acknowledged by our eminent physicians Dr Bary and Dr Joseph Müller.' So fully assured is the Prussian government of the complete efficacy of the system, that a portion of the Berlin Deaf and Dumb Institution is to be permanently set aside as an hospital for idiots, in which to test more fully the efficacy of the educative mode of treating them. It would give us great pleasure could we announce that the plan, so ably advocated by Dr Voisin, and so effectually carried out by him at the Bicêtre in Paris, and by the teachers of the Deaf and Dumb Asylum in Berlin, had found its way into Great Britain. But we have not heard of any attempt to form an hospital for idiots, although no such institution exists here at present.

## DR ARNOTT'S FOUR NECESSARIES FOR HEALTH.

DR NEIL ARNOTT, author of the Elements of Physics, and inventor of the Water Bed and Stove which pass by his name, has prepared a table exhibiting the four necessities for sustaining health, and the effects of their deficiency and excess; as also the noxious influences to which we are subject. This table is here subjoined. We would suggest that young persons in schools and private dwellings should be set to copy it on a large sheet, and that these copies should be hung up in all places where they are likely to be read by a considerable number of persons:—

THE FOUR NECESSARIES.		
In Fit Kind and Degree.	In Deficiency, or of Unfit Kind.	In Excess.
1. Air, . . . . .	Suffocation, . . . . . Unchanged air. . . . .	Excess of oxygen.
2. Temperature, . . . . .	Cold (intense), . . . . .	Heat (intense).
3. Aliment:— Food, . . . . . Drink, . . . . .	Hunger or bad food, . . . . . Thirst, . . . . .	Gluttony or surfeit. Swilling water.
4. Exercise:— Of the body, . . . . . Of the mind, . . . . .  Of the mixed social aptitudes,	Inaction, or . . . . . Ennui, . . . . . Certain depressing passions—as fear, sorrow, &c. . . . . Solitude, . . . . .	Fatigue or exhaustion. Want of sleep. Certain exciting passions—as anger, jealousy, &c. Certain kinds of debauchery.
THE TWO KINDS OF NOXIOUS AGENTS.		
1. Violence:— Wounds—Fractures—Dislocations—Burns—Lightning, &c.		
2. Poisons:— Animal, Mineral, Vegetable. Certain of these, such as alcohol in its various forms, opium, tobacco, &c. which in large quantities kill instantly, when they are taken in very moderate quantity can be borne with apparent impunity, and are sometimes classed as articles of sustenance, or they may be medicinal; but, if taken beyond such moderation, they become, to the majority of men, destructive slow poisons. Contagious—as of plague, small-pox, and measles. Malaria of marshes, thickets, and filth.		

## THE DEATH-WATCH.

Though natural history long ago declared that these sounds proceed from a little harmless insect, hundreds of believers still exist who refuse to be persuaded that the noise is not prophetic of the charnel-house. Even those who have been brought to credit the fact of the ticking being made by an insect, are reluctant all at once to abandon a gloomy notion, and therefore affirm that the sound is still significant of death; for, say they, it comes from a spider in the act of dying, and when the ticks cease, the creature is dead. Many intelligent persons are aware that this latter opinion is equally erroneous with the former; but as others may lack such correct information, it might not be altogether superfluous to state that the insect in question is not a spider, but 'the *pediculus* of old wood, a species of *vermes* belonging to the order *aptera* in the Linnæan system.' It is very diminutive. There are two kinds of death-watches. One is very different in appearance from the other. The former only beats seven or eight quick strokes at a time: the latter will beat some hours together more deliberately, and without ceasing. This ticking, instead of having anything to do with death, is a joyous sound, and as harmless as the cooing of a dove. It is to be regretted that science, to which we owe so many blessings—so much of health, both bodily and mental—should have made an inconsiderate compromise with superstition, by naming this lively and harmless little creature *mortisaga*—that is, the 'death-presager.'—*Ainsworth's Magazine*.

## OTHER MEN'S ACTIONS.

There is no word or action but may be taken with two hands; either with the right hand of charitable construction, or the sinister interpretation of malice and suspicion; and all things so succeed as they are taken. To construct an evil action well, is but a pleasing and profitable deceit to myself; but to misconstrue a good thing, is a treble wrong—to myself, the action, and the author.—*Bishop Hall*.

## NOTES.

The note on the wines of Palestine in No. 34, has, we find, given rise to some remarks in the publications of the professors of Total Abstinence. We have been induced in consequence to review the subject, and the following is the sum of what occurs to us with reference to it:—Professor Hitchcock appears to have somewhat overrated the opinions of the author of *Anti-Bacchus*, in representing him as endeavouring to establish that the wines alluded to in Scripture were not alcoholic. *Anti-Bacchus* endeavours, it is true, to take away as much as possible from the grounds for supposing that the scriptural wines were alcoholic, and in some passages he makes such large demands to this effect, that a cursory reader might suppose him denying altogether that these wines contained any alcohol. In other passages, however, the alcohol of some of the wines of Scripture is explicitly allowed, and this we find to be a general admission amongst the professors of abstinence. Of course, in as far as we have been misled by the professor's paper to overstate the conclusions of *Anti-Bacchus*, we feel regret, and now offer our best apologies. We must at the same time remark, that what we have latterly read in that work and others with regard to the distinction of the character of ancient wines, appears to us overstrained and unsatisfactory, more particularly when we find that the present wines of Palestine are all of them largely alcoholic. We therefore mainly hold to our former position, that the advantages of abstinence from intoxicating drinks ought to be argued for on other grounds.

With reference to a paper on Suretyship in No. 37, it may be proper, for preventing misconception, to state that the idea of the Guarantee Society, which substitutes the insurance principle for private security, originated in 1839 with a gentleman belonging to the Bank of England, although first explained to the public in the manner stated by us.

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